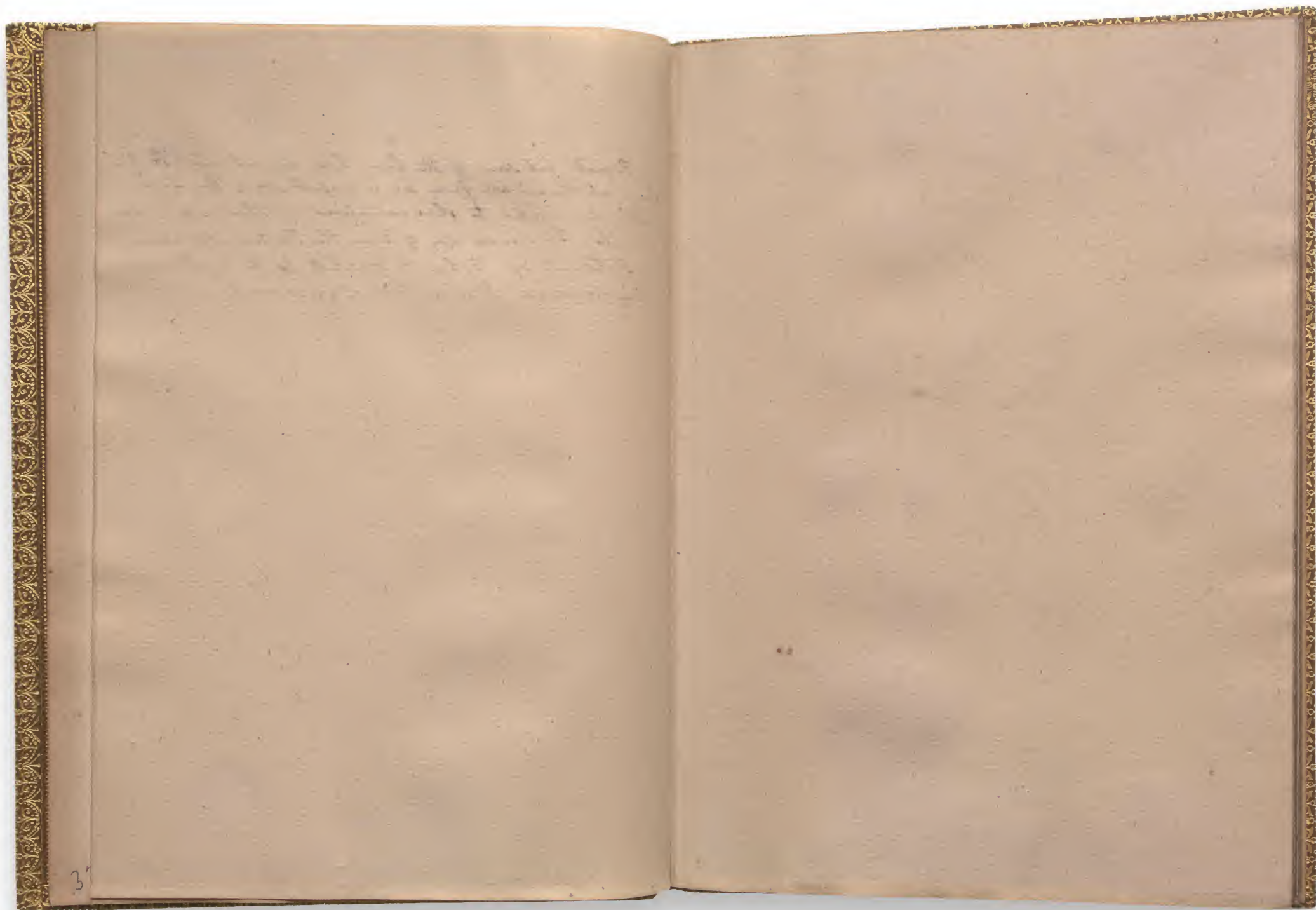


JA 3713.

Perfect, but some of the lower lines are cut into. The 9
leaves at the end are from an imperfect copy of the same
edition, here inserted to show variations. Malone's copy is also
cut into. There is no copy of it in the British Museum,
the statements of Bohn & Hazlitt to the contrary,
being erroneous. It is in fact of great rarity.



x

THE
TRAGEDIE
of King Richard
the third.

*Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother
Clarence : the pittifull murder of his innocent Ne-
phewes : his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the
whole course of his detested life, and
most deserued death.*

*As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties
seruants.*

Newly augmented,

By William Shake-speare.



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mathew
I have dwell ne in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe

3^d edition, 1612.

Now is the winter of Discontent
made glorious sommer by this sonne
of yorke



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothe his wringled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampd, and want loues maiestie
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determind to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

The Tragedie

By drunken prophecies, libels and dreaumes,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtil, false and trecherous:

This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About adroesse which saies that G.

Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall bee.

Due thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with
a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cl. His maiestie rendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. *(pointed)*

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O, belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cl. Yea Richard when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreaumes,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,

And for my name of George begins with G,
It fellowes in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee
That tempts him to this exterminie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe

of Richard the third.

Cl. By heaven I thinke there is no man scurde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walkig Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistresse Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humble complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her livery,
The iealous orewerne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubbd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me &
His maiestie hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so & please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wife and vertuous; and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse Shore. I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. *(beare)*

Cl. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it please neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must preforce, farewell.

Exit. Cla.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good-Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment,

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For thay that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewd,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis very greuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you,
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
He into vrge his hatred more to Clarence.

Exit. Hast.

of Richard the third.

With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bussell in:
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngest daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.

Exit.

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable Lord,
If honour may be shrowded in a hearse
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes:
Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.

Exit.

The Tragedie

If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarfe, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes.

Gen. My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide?

Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,

And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell,

Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,

Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,

His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.

La. Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,

For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:

Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes,

If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,

Behold this patternne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,

Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformitie,

For tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.

Tay deed inhumane and vnnaturall,

Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.

Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death:

Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reneges his death:

Either heauen with lightning stricke the murderer dead

of Richard the third.

Oearth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doest swallowe vp this good kings blood,
Which his. Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispare I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.

Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yee.

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vnder take the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweet bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouer shade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard the third.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere. *Shee spitteth at him.*

Why doeſt thou spit at mee?

La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,

Out of my sight, thou doeſt infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweet Lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might dye at once,

For now thy kill mee with a liuing death:

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words.

But now thy beautie is propolde my see:

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,

Teach not thy lips such scoorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that adareth thee:

I laie it naked to the deadly stroke:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heavenly face that set me on:

Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me.

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

La. I haue alreadye.

The Tragedie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue,

Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart.

Were both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore suppliant may

But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer:

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desires
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repaire to Crosbie place,

Where after I haue solemnely enterred

At Chertise Monasterie this noble King,

And wet his graue with my repentant teares,

I will with all expedient dutie see you:

For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you.

Graunt me this boone,

La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:

Tressill and Bately, goe along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue:

But since you teach me how to flatter you

Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

of Richard the third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards Chertise noble Lord?

Glo. No: to White Fryers: there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humor woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me,

And I nothing to backe my suite withall

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,

And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?

Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, whom I some three months since

Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?

A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe affoord.

And will the yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,

And made her widdow to a wofull bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?

My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.

Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot

My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine some score or two of tailors.

To studie fashions to adore my bodie,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter.

The Tragedie

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and nierry words.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comfort when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

of Richard the third.

And sent to warne them to his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester.*

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?

That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:

By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his eares with such dissentious rumors:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cog,

Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,

I must be held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,

But thus in simple truth must be abuse

By silken sle insinuating Iackes?

Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.

When haue I iniured thee; when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall person

(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The king of his owne royall disposition,

And not prouokt by any suter else,

Ayming belike at your interior hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kinred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,

Since euery Iacke became a gentleman.

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother *Glo.*

You enuie mine advancement and my friends,

God grant we neuer may haue need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

Our

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raide me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ren. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marrie may she.

Ren. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had w orser match.

Q. My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.

I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at

Smal ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Enter Qu. Margret.*

Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Q. M.

of Richard the third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou steepest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxburie.

Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your minde, if yours forget
What you haue bene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on Edwards, partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,

Qu. Mar. A litle ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioyleffe.

I can

The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient,
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Qu. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steep't in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. M. What were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorke's dread curse preuaile so much with heauē,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As our by murder, to make him a king.

of Richard the third.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lo. Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue donethy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me,
If heauen haue any greuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou cluishi markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. Ma. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought

The Tragedie

Thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.

Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me and ends in Margaret, (selfe,

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou sugar on that botled spider, (tunc:
Whose deadly web insnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchbackt toade,

Hast False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Qu. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue oll mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

Qu. M. To serue me well, you all should do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:
O serue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Qu. M. Peace maister Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobilitie could iudge,

What it were to loose it and be miserable?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to peeces.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.

Dors. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our airy buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Qu. M. And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my sunne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,

Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aieries nest.

O God that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was wonne with bloud, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame if not for charitie.

Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,

Vncha-

of Richard the thrid.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Qu. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Qu. M. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Qu. Mar. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And soothe the diuell that I warne thee from? (self,
O but remember this another day,

When he shall sp'it thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poore Margaret was a propheteesse:

Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Ri. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.

Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.

Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.

I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

C 3

He

The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this fore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy fload,
With that grim ferriman which Poets wr te of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greeete my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renomed Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what course for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Broken burie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the nooneride night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnselfe imagination,
They often feelee a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

of Richard the third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake wite Clarence, and I came hither on my
(legs.)
Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft?

2. Exe. O sir, it is better be brieft then tedious,
Shew him our commission talke no more. *He readeth it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe:
Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exe. Do so, it is a poynt of wisdome.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

*1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.*

*2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.*

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.

*2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorse in me.*

1. What, art thou a fraid?

*2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.*

1. Backe to the Duke of Gloster, tell him so.

*2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel. xx.*

1. How dost thou feelee thy selfe now? (me.)

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

*1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.*

2. Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will enteraine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

D

2. Ile

The Tragedie

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him :
He cannot lye with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamfast spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome : it fills one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keeps it : it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeouours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we wil chop him in the Malmsey, but in the next

2. Oh, excellent deuice, make a soppe of him. (roome)

1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1. You shall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou speake?

Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me?

Am. I.

Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

Richard the third.

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcild to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where are the euidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp

Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:

I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,

By Christs deare blood shed for our greuous sins

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deede you vnderake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Cla. Erronious vassaile, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too?

Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament

To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster,

1. And like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade

Vnripest the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.

2. Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,

For in this sinne he is as deepe as I.

If God will be reuenged for this deede,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?

Cl. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.

1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are decei'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.

Am. I, so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme?
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindship,
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones, as he lefsond vs to weepe.

Cl. O, do not slander him for he is kinde,

1. Right, as snow in hartest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hudg me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.

1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cl. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?

Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for this deed,

of Richard the thrid.

2 What shall we do?

Cl. Relent and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly, sauege, and diuelish
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy looks:

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreate for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*

Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2 A bloodie deede, and desperately performd,

How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,

Of this most greiuous guiltie murder done.

1 Why dost thou not helpe me?

By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is shiue.

Exit.

1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my meed I must away,

For this wil ouer, and here I must not stay.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peeres continue this vnited league,

I every day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:

Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, sweare you: loue.

Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I scale my true heartis loue,

Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,

Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,

Confound your hidden faithhood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

The Tragedie.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Kin. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

Kin. Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeinedly:

Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vniolable.

Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham scale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.

Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Go. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

of Richard the third.

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I inreat peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you my Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that English man aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scornde in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarfe.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Look I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, & no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerst.

Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspicion.

Enter Darbie.

Dar.

The Tragedie

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,

Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?

Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman.

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death,
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments and gaue himselfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vassalles
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And vnjustly too, must graunt it you
But for my brother, not a mast would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.
Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

of Richard the third.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. (breast?)

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Girl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot gesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuif'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my checke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this?

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Whoy shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieue:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him.
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah, so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glaasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my grieue,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowed dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being governd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

of Richard the third.

Anbo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What staie had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.

Am. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse,

Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld mine are generall:

She for Edward weepes, and so do I:

I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:

I for an Edward weepe, and so do they,

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloster,*

Glo. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with others.*

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.

Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie,

I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy minde,

Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:

I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,

That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,

Now cheare each other, in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,

Must greatly be preseru'd, cherish'd, and kept.

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht

Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

The Tragedie

Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
V/ho they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow,
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.

Ans. With all our hearts *Exeunt: manet Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince)

For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:

For by the way He sort occasion,

As index to the storie we lately talkt off,

To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,

My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:

I like a childe will go by thy direction:

Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1 Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I that the King is dead.

1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,

I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good Kings Edwards death?

1 It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.

1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.

3 Wot to that land thats gouerned by a childe.

2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,

That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeeres him selfe,

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt

Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.

3 Stood the state so no good my friend not so,

For then this land was famously enricht

With politike graue counsell: then the King

Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.

2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3 Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all.

of Richard the third:

For emulation now, who shall be nearest;
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

2 Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.

3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.

When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:

When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:

All may be well: but if God sort it so,

Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

1 Truly the soules of men are full of dread:

Ye cannot almost reason with a man

That lookes not heauily and full of feare.

3 Before the times of change, still is it so:

By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust

Ensuing dangers, as by prooffe we see,

The waters swell before a boystrous storme:

But leaue it all to God: whither away?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice.

3 And so was I, Ile beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northhampton,

At Stonistratford will they be to night,

To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,

I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke

Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my yong Cousin it is good to grow.

Yor. Gramam, one night as we did sit at supper,

My Vncle Riuer talkt how I did grow

More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Clo.

Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:

And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,

Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.

The Tragedie

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembered
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine)
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.

Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?

Yor. Granam, his Nurse.

Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. Iftwere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A perillous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares. Enter Dorset.

Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?

Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.

Dut. What is the newes then?

Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence?

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

of Richard the third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselves the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselves, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.

Dut. Ile go along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My Gracious Ladie, go.

And thither beare your treasure and your goods.

For my part, Ile religne vnto your Grace,

The Scale I keepe, and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours:

Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. Exeunt.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of
Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.* (ber.)

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-

Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne.

The wearie way hath made you melancholie.

Prim. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,

Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:

I want more Vncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,

Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:

Nor more can you distinguish of a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,

Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,

Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,

Your Grace attended to their sugred words,

But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

The Tragedie

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies.

Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Ha.*

Buck. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.

Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:

The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meeete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace

Perfwade the Queene they send the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his princely brother presently?

If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them,

And from her icalous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,

Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weighrit but with the grossenesse of this age,

You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

of Richard the third.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,

You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,

But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall ouerrule my minde for once:

Come on Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord. *Exit. Car & Hast.*

Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie hast you

Say Vncle Gloucester, if our brother come, (may.

Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkt best vnto your royall selfe:

If I may counsel you some day or two,

Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place:

Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious L. begin that place,

Which since succeding ages haue reedified.

Pri. Is it vpon record, or els reported

Succesfully from age to age he built it?

Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say my Lord it were not registred,

Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,

As were retaild to all posteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long:

Prin. What say you Vncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters fame liues long:

Thus like the formall vice, iniquitie,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set downe to make his valour liue:

Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,

For now he liues in fame, though not in life:

I tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.

Buck. What my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

The Tragedie

He win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a king.

Glo. Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?

Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he did that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousen noble L. of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle vncl. O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vncl giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousen, with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind vncl that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, He giue my cosen.

Yor. A greater gift? O that's the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O than I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.

Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncl your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncl, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

of Richard the third.

Because that I am litle like an Ape.

He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giue his vncl,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so youg is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you goe vnto the tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord Protector will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Mary my vncl Clarence angry ghost:
My Gram tolde me he was murdered there.

Prin. I feare no vncl's dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my L. with a heauie heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorsetmanet. Rich. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make William L. Hastings of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to fight against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

F 2

Cat.

The Tragedie

Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, leie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord Willam, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, effect this businesse soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord.

Exit Catesby.

Glo. At Crosby place, there shall you find vs both.

Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the L. Stanley.

Enter L. Hast.

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the teditous nights?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

of Richard the third.

First he commendeth him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night the Beare had caste his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that may be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to reu at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lorchids pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated counsels:
His Honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs,
Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chace.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.

Mess. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I belecue twill neuer stand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. Who? weare the Garland? do est thou meane the

Cat. I my good Lord. (Crowne?)

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplaste:
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?

Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:

I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo
With some men els, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare and goe so vnprovided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and supposed their states was sure,

And

of Richard the thrid.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

Ha. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat:

But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Stanley, & Cat.*

Ha. Go you before, Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursuant.

Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.

Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

He giues him his purse.

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

Hast. What sir Iohn, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes excise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers (in his eare.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest. *(priest?)*
Your Honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too, although thou knowst it not:

Come

The Tragedie

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers,
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatale and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied, deare God with our tree blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all embrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? *(his mind.)*

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

of Richard the thrid.

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke him selfe.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elic.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elic.

(berries.)

Bi. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-
Hast.

G

The Tragedie.

Hast. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart preceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if hewere, he would haue shewen it in his face.

Dar. I Pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp,
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellst thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:

Therest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*

Hast. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my foote cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

of Richard the third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were burcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

Car. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Lies like a drunken Saylor on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come cosen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspicion, gastly looks
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

The Tragedie.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attairder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertest sheltered
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruatiu
We liue to tell it you? The subtle traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

Maior. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Clo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

of Richard the third.

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. My good L. your Graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But ile acquaint your dutious Cittizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.

Glo. And to that end we wilht your Lordship
To auoid the carping censures of the world. (here,

Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witness what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*

The Maior towards Guild-hall nies him in all post,
Thereat your meetst aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to deatch a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauge heart,
Without controll list to make his prey:

Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnfortunate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had warres in France,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.

Buc. Feare not, my Lord, ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my seife.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

The Tragedie

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order *(Ex. Buc.)*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scrinener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these five houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing mu't be scene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?

Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or sliightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I had

of Richard the third.

I had them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.

Glo. And did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si-
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrge to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard:
Thanks louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisdom and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blocks were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lord. *(speake?)*

Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?

Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt wee'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Exit.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby, what sayes he?

Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:.

He

The Tragedie

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designs and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some cōference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*

Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on him selfe the soueraigntie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your Lord?

Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sory I am my noble cōsien should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

of Richard the third.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable cares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaserh God aboute,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherfore breath I in a Christian land?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreme Seate, the Throne maiesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Auncestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countreyes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily solícite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraigntie thereof,
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successiue from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conformed with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing freinds,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.

H

Glo.

The Tragedie

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunneth your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reueneue and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestic,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

of Richard the thrid.

To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Sauer that for reuerence to some aliue
I gree a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good ny Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tenderneffe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our sute or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Cat. Call them again, my L. and accept their sute.

Ano. Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rewe it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well; call them again, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage graucemen,

The Tragedie

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the load,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds.

*Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques
Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Gloucester
at another doore.*

Dut. Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lien. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lien. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

of Richard the third.

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

Lien. I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this dead liking newes.

Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.

Dut. Yor. O ill disappearing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.

Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the idel vsue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,

The Tragedie

Were red hotte Steele to seare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the blood was well waight from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more the from my soule I mourne for yours.

Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

Dut. Glo. A due poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Du Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

of Richard the third.

The Trampets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth his throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is King Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King. Ri. O Buckingham, now I do play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble Prince:
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly, be brieue.

Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some litle pause my Lord,
Before I positiuely speake herein:
I will resolue your Grace immediatly.

Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,
And varespectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect:

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would

The Tragedie

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir

of Richard the third.

Tir. Proue me my gracious saueraigne.

King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill.
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his*
Tis no more but so, say it is done *(care.*
And I will loue thee, and prefeere thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrel, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Ye shall my Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did found me in.

King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. Stanly, he is your wiues sonne: Wel looke too it.

Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earldome of Herford and the moucables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. Stanly looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?

King. As I remember, Henry the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little pecuish boy,

A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.

King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

I

And

The Tragedie

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promised me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Upon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolve me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euen so? rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittieous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subhorne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleshie villains: bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderesse and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their somner beautie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

The

of Richard the third.

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloody king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne liege.

King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?

Tir. It to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happinesse, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the procelle of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thripping wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac't beggery,

I 2

Then

The Tragedie.

Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be brieft, when traytors braue the field.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines shlie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wterched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailles of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary*, dide, and my sweet sonne.

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest they vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut.

of Ri chard the third.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vp-right, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

I 3

Onely

The Tragedie

Onely referu'd their fact'or to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pittious, and vnp tried end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

Q. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flaggie,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

of Richard the thrid.

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Battering thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*

Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,
Aierie succeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so, then be not toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slave, where are my children?

Dut.

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuer, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Ten patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

of Richard the third.

Whch in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My praers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
B'oudie thou art, bloody will by thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murder, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safe in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of desteny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes desteny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, so thrue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
As I intend more good to you and yours, *(armes,*
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lad.

K

Qu.

The Tragedie

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with repoynt of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethē of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of these wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,

Qu. Be briefe, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.

Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Say then, who dost thou meane shall be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence.

of Richard the third.

Her vnckle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madest quicke conuiance with her good Aunt Anne.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not, be Richard that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the king which may command intreats,

Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraingtie,

King. Be eloquent in my bechalse to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.

King. Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.

King. I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.

The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blenished, pawnd his knightly vertue:

The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,

If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeu'd,

Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.

King. Now, by the world.

The Tragedie

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonord.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe,thy selfe misuseth.

King. Why,then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst feard,to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had nor beene broken,nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time,by thee past wrongd,
The children liue,whose parents thou hast slaughtred,
Vngouernd youth,to wayle it with their age.
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Swear not by time to come,for that thou hast
Misused,care vsed,by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes,my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light,nor night thy rest,
Be opposite,all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings,if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion,holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her,followes to this land and me,
To thee,her selfe,and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation,ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

of Richard the third.

Therefore good mother (I must call you so)

Be the attorney of my loue to her.

Pleade what I will be,not what I haue beene,

Not by deserts,but what I will deserue:

Vrge the necessitie and state of times,

And be not peeuisli fond in great delignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?

King. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children.

King. But in your daughters wombe,Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selves of themselves to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Qu. I go,write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole,and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

Rat. My gracious soueraigne,on the Westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie.To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
There they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light-foote friend,post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe,or Catesby,where is he?

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why standst thou still,and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mightie soueraigne,let me know your minde,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.

King. O true,good Catesbie,bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at Salisbury.

Rat. What it is your highnes pleasure I shal do at Salisbury

King. Why what wouldst thou do there before I go?

The Tragedie.

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd,
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the seas.

King. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Da. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Elie.
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the Chayre emptie? is the sword vnswaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnposselt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their shippes.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friendr are in the North.

King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
He muster vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please.

King. I, I, thou wouldst be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will nor trust you Sir.

Dar. most mightie soueraigne,

of Richard the third.

You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

Kim. Well, go muster men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gracious soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratchiffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?

Mes. Such proclomatiō hath bin made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittain Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:

Who answered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittain.

The Tragedie

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Car. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembroke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolute him of my minde,
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice.

of Richard the third.

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doome day:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wist might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wist to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the sward of wicked men
To turne their points on their masters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowe in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruild vnderneath the yoke of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your sommer field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, courageous friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.

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By

The Tragedie

By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.

1. *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bolworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

King. Norffolke, come hither:

Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord,

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:

Who hath deseried the number of the foe?

Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:

Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

Call for some men of sound direction,

Lets want no discipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second-houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest-
Where is Lord Stanly quartered, dost thou know?

Blunt. Yules I haue mistang his colours mych

Richard the third.

Which well I am assur'd I haue not done

His regiment liet halfe a mile at least,

South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,

Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,

And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell good Blunt,

Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,

Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,

Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,

And part in iust proportion our small strength:

Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,

In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is six of the clocke, fall supper time,

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,

What, is my beuer easier then it was?

And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes

To Stanclys regiment, bid him bring his power

Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall

Into the blinde caue of eternall night,

Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my stauces be sound and not too heauy Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,

Much about Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

The Tragic die

Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say.

Exit Ratcliffe.

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who prates continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest being seene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious voies of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adieu, be valiant and speed weell.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen.
O thou whose captiue

Exeunt.

of Richard the third.

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrat^h,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praille thee in thy victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. sonne to Henry the sixth.

Ghost to K. Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged soules
Of burchred Princes fight in thy behalte,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die.
Harrie the sixth bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

L

Alt

The Tragedie

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ri.* bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arise, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, (Tower,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filsthy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

of Richard the third.

O toward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Methought the soules of all that I murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the early village cocke
Hath twise done saluation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkest thou, will our friends proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

The Tragedie

Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewe-se-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowlie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leifure and inforcement of the time, *(his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarke, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
One raise in blood, and one in blood established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base soule stone, made precious by the soile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you do sweare to put a tyrant downe.

of Richard the third.

You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quets it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduaunce your standards, draw your willing swords
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there. *The clocke striketh.*

Giue me a Kalendre, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the selfe same heauen
That frownes on me lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norffo. ke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, hustle, hustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanly, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plesaine,

M

And

The Tragedie

And thus my battell shall be ordered,
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeft horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth
him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.

*Jockey of Norffolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the enemye,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuide as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe
March on, toyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to
his Armie.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd:
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pelants,
Whom their oreloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraints the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shoes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
The famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselves

of Richard the third.

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpr,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yecomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stauces,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mef. My Lord, he doth denie to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemye is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine,
then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the
croune, with other Lords.*

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious Richmond, wel hast thou equit thee,

Lo:

The Tragedie

Loe here this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?

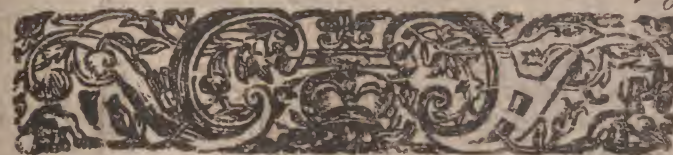
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towne;
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

*Iohn Duke of Norfolk, Water Lord Ferris, sir Rob. re
Brokenbury, & sir William Brandon.*

Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, bene butcher to the fire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloodie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to taste this lands encrease,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stoppt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

FINIS.



Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.

*N*OW is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke;
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wrinckled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shappt for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampd, and want loues maiestic
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determind to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

A 2

By

The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtle, false and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murderess shall bee.
Dre thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with
a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cl. His maiestie rendering my persons safetie hath ap-
pointed this conduct to conuey me to the Tower. *(pointed)*

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cl. Yea Richard when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

of Richard the third.

Cl. By heaven I thinke there is no man securde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walkig Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistresse Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humble complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her livery,
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubbd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossip in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so & please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in ycares, faire, and not icalous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse Shore. I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-
your conference with the noble Duke. *(beare)*

Cl. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must preforce, farewell. *Exit. Cl.*

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment,

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For thay that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis very greuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you, *Exit. Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
He into vrge his hatred more to Clarence,

of Richard the third.

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doest swallowe vp this good kings blood,
Which his. Hel. gouernr arme hath butchered.

Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispare I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy soule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shou'lders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant yee.

And The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgchog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweet bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouer shade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His.

of Richard the third.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. (breast?)

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Girl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castaways,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot getse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuifd impeachments to imprison him:

And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheek,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this?

E

Enter

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Q. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this seene of rude impatience?

Q. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament; if die, be brieue:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah to much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.

I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Q. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,

Amb.

of Richard the third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were burcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

Cut. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Lies like a drunken Sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come cosen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.

I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pricke on euery side:
Intending deepe suspicion, gasty looks
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices

To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

G 2

Enter

The Tragedie.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:

Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:

I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,

He laid from all attainer of suspect. (traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerest sheltered
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,

Or almost belecue, wert not by great preseruacion

We liue to tell it you? The subtil traitor

Had this day plotted in the counsell house,

To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.

Mayor. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,

Or that we would against the course of Law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,

But that the extreame perill of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons safetie

Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,

And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,

To warne false traitors from the like attempts:

I neuer lookt for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Clo. Yet had not we determined he should die,

Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,

Which now the longing haste of these our friends

Some what against our meaning haue peruented,

Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard

The traitor speake, and timorously confesse

The manner, and the purpose of his treason,

That you might well haue signified the same

of Richard the third.

*The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham,
ham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,

Giue me thy hand:

Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King. O Buckingham, now I do play the touch,

To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:

Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should liue true noble Prince:

Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What saist thou? speake suddenly, be brieue.

Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeeth.

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some litle pause my Lord,

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolute your Grace immediatly.

Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,

And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me.

That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would

The Tragedie

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Goe call him hither presently.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murder her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

of Richard the thrid.

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*

Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,
Aierie succeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so, then be not too long-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuer, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. T'en patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hasty I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Teechie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

of Richard the third.

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My praers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
B'oudie thou art, bloudy will by thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
As I intend more good to you and yours, *(armes,*
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

K

Qu.

The Tragedie

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of the se wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,

Qu. Be briefe, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers:
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence,

Her

of Richard the third.

You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
Ineuer was nor neuer will be false.

King. Well, go muster men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your sonne George Stanley, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gracious soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many more confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?

Mes. Such proclomatio hath bin made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittain Navie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittain.

King.

The Tragedie

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S, Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir James Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowle Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolute him of my minde,
Farewell.

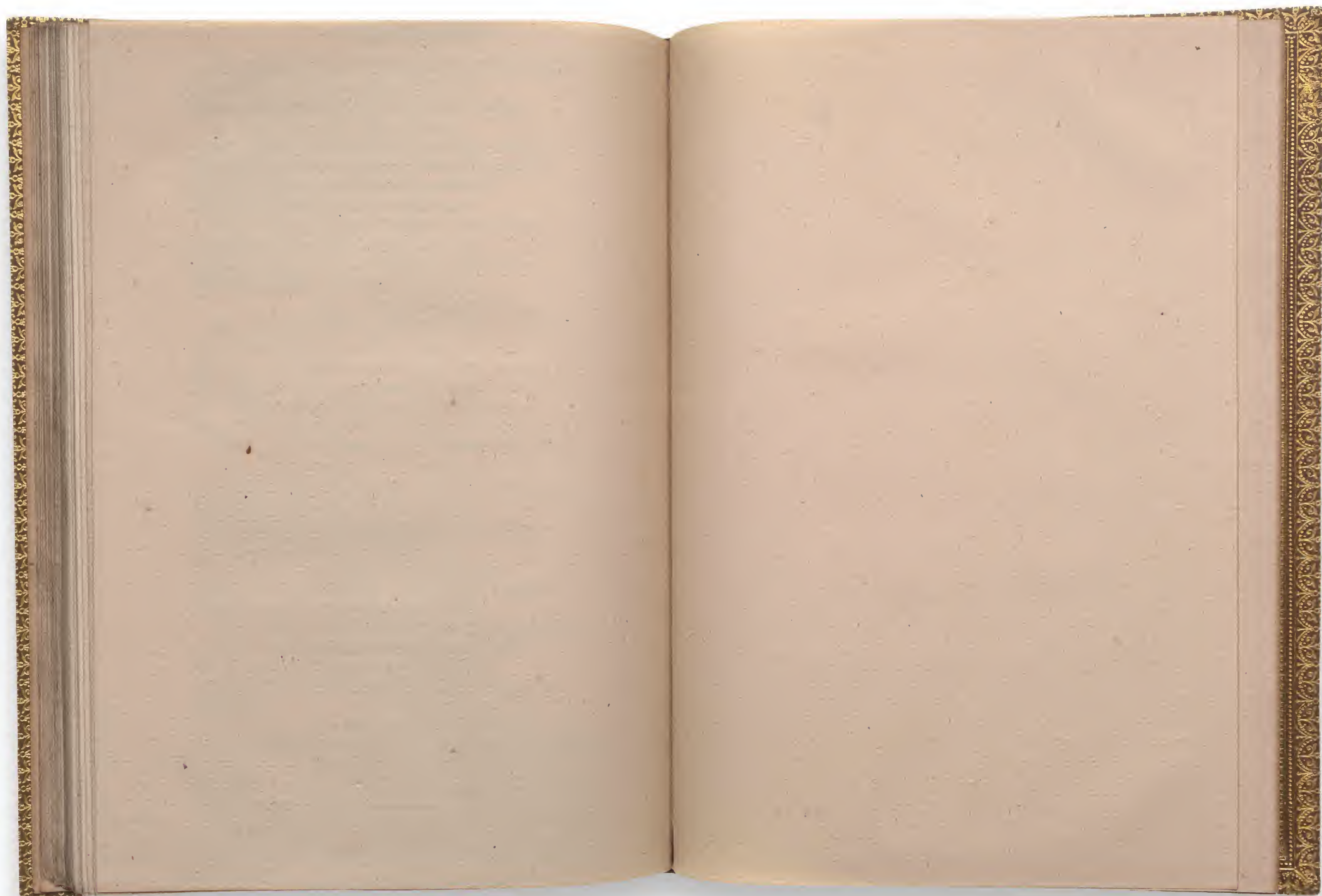
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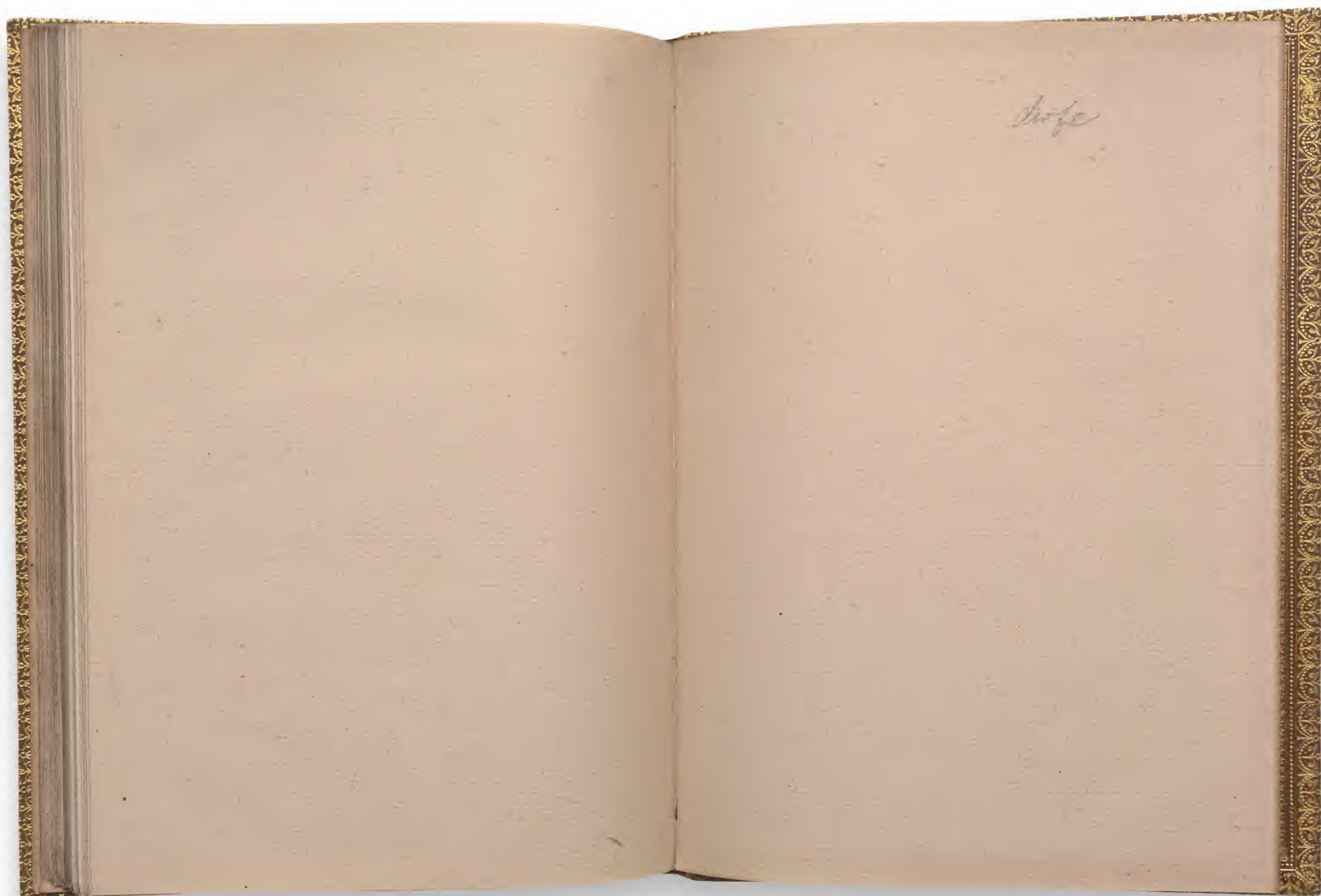
Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Rich. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hollings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, sowle iniustice,





Hope

